MARBLE HILL PRESS.

J. C. PINTEY, POBLISHED

MARSLE WILL. - - MIMOURE NEW YORK will take up the matter of the world's fair in earnest as soon as the great question of the world's base

ball championship is decided,

CHAUNCEY DEPEW says that \$100,000 .-000 of English capital has gone into the Argentine Republic within the last few years. A vast amount has also been sent into Chili and Honduras.

A LONDON firm has a contract with the French government under which they annually supply France with thousands of tons of dried fruits. The French government require this large supply of dried fruit to make the wine which they supply to the French army.

A CARLOAD of grapes from Sacramente sold in New York the other day for \$2,-406. One grower represented in the consignment cleared \$260 per ton, or 13 cents a pound, from his Tokay grapes. Another netted from \$160 to \$215 per ton on his Muscats and Emperors.

In Naples there exists a race of cats who live in the churches. They are kept and fed by the authorities on purpose to eat the mice which infest all old buildings there. The animals may often be seen walking about the congregation or sitting gravely before the altar during time of mass.

THE amount paid out in pensions last year was \$88,278,113, and at the rate of increase maintained under Corporal Tanner this sum would this year amount to over \$100,000,000, which is considerably more than the cost of the standing army of Great Britain, and nearly equal to the cost of the French army. Since 1861 \$1,052,218,413 dollars have been paid in pensions.

THE Dickson Manufacturing Company of Scranton, Pa., has in its shop ready for shipment, a wheel fifty-four feet high and weighing 200 tons, considered the largest piece of mechanism of its kind in the world. It was built for the Calumet Mining Company, of Lake Superior, Mich., to be used in hoisting waste sand to a certain height, so as to allow the refuse matter to be dumped into the lake. The cost is \$100,000.

THE most profitable book ever printed. at least in this country, was Webster's spelling book. More than 50,000,000 copies of this production have been issued, and could Dr. Webster and his heirs have enjoyed the royalties from it they would have found it more valuable than the cave of Monte Cristo. Yet Dr. Webster wrote it that he might procure the means to support himself while engaged in other work, notably his dictionary, which was really an elaboration of the spelling book.

R. R. DORELL, of Quebec, Can, the will be commenced next year. One of the principal manufacturing companies of London has tendered an offer to provide, lay and guarantee a cable of the most approved type for one million five hundred thousand dollars. The cable will extend from near Clew bay, in Ireland, to Greenly Island, in the Straits of Belle Isle, and will be one thousand nine hundred miles in length

By the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court, if the drawer of a check upon a bank does not use protection to prevent alteration and the bank innocently pays the raised check. the drawer must stand any loss occasioned thereby. "When the drawer has drawn his check in such a careless and incomplete manner that a material alteration may be readily accomplished without leaving a perceptible mark or giving the instrument a suspicious appearance, he himself prepares the way for fraud, and, if committed, he, and not the bank, should suffer."

MONTANA has the Australian system of voting. The method, in short, is simply this: The names of all the candidates of all the parties or any propositions which are to be voted upon, are all printed on a single slip, and these slips or tickets are furnished by the State. A qualified voter only can secure a ticket, when he passes to a room by himself and checks the names or propositions for which he may wish to vote. The ticket is then deposited. Absolute secrecy is thus secured, and, by a simple method of tracing the ballots, absolute security against fraud is also obtained. The election in Montana is reported a great success, and notably in the greater speed obtained in depositing tickets.

In his report to the government, Captain R. H. Pratt, who has charge of the Indian school at Carlisle, states that more than 1,600 Indians have already received instructions there, and that the attendance has increased from 140 pupils when the school started, ten years ego, to 685, the present number in attendance, more than one-half of whom are boys. He says the cost has been reduced from \$167 to \$140 yearly at Carlisle. He thinks it could be made \$100 for each pupil. The reports of the progress made by the Indian children at Carlisle, Hampton and other government schools, show that the govern ment can better afford to provide liber-ally for the education of the Indian boy then to be obliged afterwards to pre-

of sun,
Lit lurid a blood-trampled plain;
But twilight was waiting when carnage
was done,
To throw a pall o'er the slain.
Midst them lay a soldier nigh to death,
With agony bravely borne;
Fainting and bleeding, and gasping for
broath,

breath,

For a shell his head had torn,
A letter he drew with strength all sped,
And to read it an effort made.

"I will wait," his wife in the writing

"Where the willow makes a shade." Chough his mind was blurred, and memory

Those words from his heart could not fade: fade;
"I will wait," his wife in the letter said,
"Where the willow makes a shade." On the day and the hour when the soldier

held
His fond distant wife's letter fast,
She stood at the tryst tree, nor fcared he
was felled,
Till his time for coming passed.

He lived, but to wander far and long.

In his head a ceaseless pain,

A sense of quest and of going wrong—
Half thoughts of a wounded brain.

He knew that he sought a home and a mate
By her call that his iove obeyed—
No name and no place—only "I will wait
Where the willow makes a shade."

Though his mind was blurred and his
memory dead.

Those words from his heart could not

Those words from his heart could not 'I will wait' his wife in the letter said.

Where the willow was drooping its leaves of tears
Sat a woman as at a grave;
Despairing had followed the hoping of

years. But this hour of tryst she gave. And yow was his only craze.
"My wife." he cried, with a quick embrace,
And with kisses of love delayed.
"You have waited here," he said, "at the

Where the willow makes a shade." Though his mind was blurred, and memory dead, Those words from his heart could not

fade:
'I will wait," his wife in the letter said,
"Where the willow makes a shade."

A BRIEF SORROW.

CHAPTER III .- (CONTINUED.) "I don't like that girl!" declared Agnes Berkeley.

stepmother. .. She's thirty if she's a

Oh. Tom would be angry if he were to hear you say that, mother.' "He would hear it if he were here! should not mince matters on his good.

But however boldly Mrs. Berkeley might speak she did not act so; whether for the sake of peace or of pity. she had followed the general example in refraining from remonstrance with Tom on the subject of his love-affair. which by this time-it was now the end of November-had become known throughout the neighborhood.

.. t was a badday for Tom when she came here," pursued Mrs. Berkeley.
"Do you think so?" said Mary Tregelles. "I confess I am not taken with her: there is something indes-cribable about her that is not prepossessing; but, on the other hand, have you noticed the difference in Tom? He is not like the same person-he things. has not got into any trouble since he

has known her. "Yes. I've noticed it, and it's just the way with those wild ones-when course, was told the news. And what Atlantic cable, says that all arrange- around, and you wouldn't know them | and meethim! Because Waring won't sweethearts throw them over, they are ten times worse than they ever were before. It's the ruin of them.

> But do you think she will behave badly to him, then?'

body and soul.

"I think she is behaving badly to him now, from what I can hear: I have seen little of her, but quite as much as

Faith Freke was sitting there beside Agnes. She had walked over to the Manor with her Uncle, and was waiting for him while he paced the damp walks outside the great lozenge-paned windows with Mr. Berkeley. Nobody in the room seemed think that she could have any particular interest in the subject that was being discussed, and she was used sight.

to being overlooked and treated as a child. ·But she may mean no harm by taking notice of him." said Mary.

"See here, Mary, I don't mind telling you-in confidence, mind-what Mrs. Carleton told me this morning when she was here-she had it from Miss Turtell, to whom, you know Mrs. Stephenson will speak her mind. if she will speak it to anyone at all. She told Miss Turtell that it was a most vexing thing that Nina Derwent should have chosen just this time to pay her visit—she set her cap at every eligible man, whether engaged or not; when Mr. Rowland goes there she can only make it safe by sending Louisa off alone with him-being aware all the time that Louisa does not show to advantage when left to entertain anyone by herself"-with an air of placid feminine spite: "for a long as they are all together, Miss Derwent will not let him alone. As for Sir Nester Goldeney, she declares that this Miss Derwent has frightened him away with her boldness. He went there very often at first, seeming rather captivated, but upon her making further advances, he took himself off in alarm; and Mrs. Stephenson is actually afraid that they will not be asked to the Christmas-ball at Littleton Park on her account, unlesss they can get rid of their visitor almost immediately; and they can't-they've thrown out hints. but she won't take them. Really, I

think she can be hardly respectab "Sir Nestor can take care of him self." observed Mary: "and I think Mrs. Stephenson can take care of Mr - with an irrepressible

smile. "I have lost hope of Tom!" declared

Mrs. Berkeley. "Oh, no, aunt Caroline, I wouldn't do that! Think how much good it does a boy sometimes to fall in with a woman a good deal older than ilmself. He suffers at the time peraps when he realizes that it is out of the question for him to marry her;

"Yes-when the woman good woman; but this one will be his

WHERE THE WILLOWS MAKE A vex him, aunt, by saying anything about her. He looks so—happy."

Tom came up the gravel walk, passing his father and the Vicar with a brief greeting, and entered the room in another moment, going straight up to Mary. There was an indefinable to Mary. There was an indefinable change in him, which they noticed now for the first time, though it had been developing steadily all through the past month—a change that showed itself even in his bearing. There was a certain manliness about him now, which, together with the radiance in his eyes, told plainly the story of a favored lover; but he seemed to

have lost his careless high spirits. "News from the war," he said buoyantly, holding up a packet covered with postmarks. "Old Meads gave postmarks. me these at the gate-a letter and newspapers all at once. You're in

CHAPTER IV. "# ARY'S up at the top of the tree this week." .. What do you mean

Has anything happened!"
-Oh, nothing at all!"-with good humored sarcasm. "Only Waring's coming home-not seriously wounded either, but only enough to disable him; and she's so glad to get him back on no worse terms that she's nearly out of her mind."

Tom and his enslaver were walking down a quiet lane in the vicinity of Wistaria Villa. It was the first day of December, but the weather was quite mild. Miss Derwent was dress ed in black, with a coquettish little fez cap perched on her head. Tom's delicate-looking hands were thrust into the pockets of his gray coat; his eyes were entirely occupied with his companion's odd changing face.

"I should think so!" assented Mis-Derwent with interest, "It must be London, much as I would like to see a great relief to her, even though he the theatres and the other things you is wounded. But it is not dangerous you say?"

"Oh, no!"-with an assumption of carelessness that he was very far from feeling, for his young heart was stirred with the emotions brought about by reading the story of his cousin's neroism, through which he was now invalided home. Only an assegai wound in the shoulder and a bullet in the arm." She shuddered. "Capt. "Hardly a girl." corrected her Tregelles now," he went on, "instead of Lieutenant. That's what he got for it, and a medal and so on." proud she must be!"

exclaimed Miss Derwent with enthusiasm. "I wonder if, when I go to the wars account-it would perhaps do him and come home wounded, with a handle to my name, there will be any one to be sorry and glad and proud, and indignantly.

> at her with a wistful smile. "Of course there will be!" she said softly. "There's only one person that I want to care for me," he returned; and, after looking round to make sure that they were alone, he took one hand out of his pocket and put his arm round her waist, half shyly, yet not as if it were the first time he had attempted

such a thing. flushing up to his blueveined temples. She permitted the caress, seeming hardly conscious of it; her thoughts appeared to be occupied with other

"How soon do you expect Captain Tregelles?" she enquired.

.. Oh. in two or three weeks-in tim another trouble to me," declared Mrs. for Christmas. We shall hear again. Berkeley emphatically, intent upon And what do you think? Sir Nestor the patch she was adjusting. "It's Goldeney called this morning, and, of strong, an want looking after, you see. He and I. he proposed

-What's the matter, darling? "Nothing!" replied Miss Derwent looking up in sweet astonishment. .. What made you think anything was

the matter? "Oh, I don't know! Only I thought you looked angry-vexed, that is-and I was afraid I was offending you some-I'm not crushing your ribbons,

"No. of course not! Why, you goose, you are full of fancies."-smiling up at him in arch reproof.

"I'm glad it was only a fancy. You can't think how miserable I am when you are unkind to me," he said with his lips very close to hers. "Oh, I dare say, until I am out of

No. for then I am more miserable than ever. Nothing makes me so happy as to be with you."
...Now, Tom, don't"-turning her

little head coquettishly away as he bent nearer still ··Do just let me!" "It is too bad-I ought not to let

you: but you are so masterful!" "Why shouldn't I, if you love me as you say you do?" returned the boy,

with the triumphant air of a victor. "People will think us very silly." "What do I care about what people think?"--with scorn. "And nobody could think me silly for admiring you

-for earing for you. Miss Derwent did not discuss this

"Go on with what you were telling me about your cousin," she said. "Well, what was I saying?"

"About Sir Nestor Goldeney." "Oh, yes! He wanted to go up to London with me to meet Waring; and didn't I wish Mary would agree! My first chance of a peep at town-life"—with a glance at Nina's pale face, which this time did not fail to meet with a response; she looked up with a sympathizing smile of comprehension "But"--holding her slim waist in a closer clasp-"no fear; the yellowfaced little chimpanzee would have taken that as Mary's promise to marry him! He's a great deal too fast, and

"Oh, Tom!" exclaimed little Miss .. Well, rich as he is, I don't know who would look at him beside our

such a fool as not to be able to see that

he's not in the running at all."

"Oh, some would!" "You wouldn't, would you? You wouldn't be so silly; but yet you must and too poor to marry."

oe a little silly"—fondly and bitterly "Oh, I did not say that, nor mean be a little silly"-fondly and bitterly -- to take any notice of a fellow like

"Then shall I be wise and Miss Derwent did not complete her sentence; a laugh and a menacing mo tion of the head were more effectual than words could have been."

"No-no!" he returned passionately.

my fervent prayer!"

"Tom, you frighten me," she remonstrated, putting away his arm and walking at a little distance, as though in a state of agitation that she did not care for him to see; but he followed

her, though fearfuly, making a strong effort to control his own excitement. "Darling, do forgive me? I didn't mean to frighten you—you must know that! I would die for your happi-

"That is what everybody says!" she retorted, tossing her little head with a pretense of scorn.

"Yes, I knew you had had lots of lovers"--raising his head with an air of impatient jealousy. "It comes out in your conversation, however much you may try to keep it from me."
"Well, how could I help it?" "Of course I know men will run

anywhere after a face like your's" -devotedly, not noticing the impa-tient frown that darkened Miss Derwent's brow at his words. "But you were not obliged to respond to their "And I have told you that I did

not," she answered: and I have told you more than that, and what I think ought to satisfy you, that among them all I never had a lover like you." Tom was satisfied for the time be-

ing, and he held her within his strong arm, and murmured passionate words of love in her ear, and kissed her cheeks and lips-not at all shyly now unrebuked, and forgot all about everything else until Miss Derwent called him to order with that little assumption of severity which he thought so charming. "Now, Tom, you will never get to

the end of your story!" .What story? Oh, about Waring! Well, you see, I am not going to have told me about. Mary thanked Sir Nestor and said that my father would go.

"Well, and can't you go with him?" "Catch me! My father and I don't exactly hit it off"—with rather a blustering laugh-"he doesn't aporove

"He doesn't understand you. said little Miss Derwent sympathizingly.

"And, unfortunately, I do understand him," rejoined Tom, laughing again, but somewhat ruefully this · There was a time when he used to think ail the world of me, but it's different now."

"He has another son to care for now. I think it is a shame that he should alter so!" said Miss Derwent all the rest of it?" he queried, looking

Tom stared at her. .. Why, it's my fault!" he declared. "I haven't gone the way he wanted, nor turned out anything like he expeeted. He took more notice of me. as a little chap, than I've ever seen him take of Dan."

"How good and unsuspicious you are!" observed Nina looking at him with kindling eyes. "And how ready to think evil I must appear. But I was thinking only of your welfare."

"Taking my part? Bless you!" exclaimed the boy ardently.
"Now, I want to ask you thing." she said, when she had smoothed her hair with her small

fair hands that Tom so often and so

rapturously kissed. "Anything you will." "Oh, it is not much-only that when your cousin comes home you will not say anything to him about me-I don't mean that you are not to menpromoter and projector of the Canada they get caught they turn completely did he do but offer to go up to London tion my name, of course, but not in connection with-don't say that you

and don't do anything to lead him to think it." "But, darling, why not?"-with a somewhat clouded face. "I counted upon telling him-I am so proud of it; and, even if I didn't, I'm afraid I could behave as if-like an indifferent person when I was with

you. Then don't be with me when he is -that is, supposing we become ac-

quainted. "Of course you will be acquainted. But, Nina,"—looking very much taken aback---why not? Why should I pretend? What harm will

it do? .. Perhaps I am silly," she returned with a rather forced laughed; "but I do dread ridicule; and you know. Tom down to see him off. It is a solemn tunn dear, I am older than you-I am afraid to say out loud how many years, but I will for once, to try and frighten you, -playfully. .. You are -Tom winced visibly. "and eighteen" I-yes. I am four whole years older

than you-just think of that,' "I shouldn't care if it were forty!" he exclaimed disdainfully. "If that's

"Oh, but, Tom dear, you don't understand-men never do!" Tom's brow cleared, and he held up his head. "Girls look older than their age,"

"You don't!"

"Some people might think differently; and he might laugh at us, and even think that I-

"Other people don't laugh at us." "Oh, yes, they do! The Stephensons all do, though they think I don't see them.

"Hang the Stephensons! They're only a pack of geese!" "I know that; and so I can bear itfrom them; but I should not like to have to bear it from a member of your

family"—very gently.
"Waring's a great deal too sensible and jolly for any such thing." "Is he, dear? Well, never mind. then, if you so much wish it. It was only that I thought, as I had never sked you anything before

"And you sha'n't ask in vain now!" he broke in, suddenly changing his mind at her last words. word to him, and I'll behave-well, I'll be as proper as ever I can before him, until you are convinced by your own observation that you have ing to fear from him. Waring's a great deal too generous and manly nd all that sort of thing to make fun of any couple because they're in love

it, dear Tom!" she corrected him gently. "What I was dreading was that he might think that I, as older and more experienced in the ways of the world-society's world, at any rate"-smiling at his look-"was induencing you-

But Tom stopped her indignantly in a way that he had learned of late, and But you must have sails. Vessels are by:

HE SAYS FAREWELL.

Talmage Embarks for a Trip to the Holy

He Addresses His Friends Through the Press in a Sermon of Unusual Interest -- Troublous Storms on the Great Sea of Life.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, on his em barkation on the steamer City of Paris, for the Holy Land, addressed his millions of friends through the press, taking for his text Acts XX, 38: "And they accompanied him unto the ship." His sermon is printed below at full length

To the more than twenty-five million people in many countries to whom my sermons come week by week in English lifted nor the canvas in anywise managed tongue and by translation, through the We have prayer for the running rigging these words. I dictate them to a stenor-rapher on the eve of my departure for the Holy Land, Palestine. When you read this sermen I will be mid-Atlantic. I go to be gone a few weeks on a religious jour-ney. I go because I want for myself and less you have strong prayer for a halliard. hearers and readers to see Bethlehem, and Nazereth, and Jerusalem, and Calvary. and all the other places connected with the Savior's life and death, and so reinforce myself for sermous. I go also because I I am writing the "Life of Christ." and can be more accurate and graphic when I have been an eye witness of the sacred places. Pray for my successful journeying and my

I wish on the eve of departure to pronounce a loving benediction upon all my friends in high places and low, upon congregations to whom my sermons are read in ence of pastors, upon groups gathered out on prairies and in mining districts, upon all sick and invalid and aged ones who cannot attend churches, but to whom I have long administered through the printed page. My next sermon will be midressed to you from Rome, Italy, for I feel like Paul when he said: "So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospol to you that are at Rome also." The fact is that Paul was ever moving about on land or sea. He was an old sailor—not from occupation, but from frequency of travel. I think he could have taken a years, across seconds. pation, but from frequency of travel. I think he could have taken a vesser across the Mediterranean as well as some of the ship captains. The sailors never scaffed at him for being a "land lubber." If Paul's advice had been taken, the crew would never have gone ashere at Media. When the vessel went scudding under

bare poles Paul was the only self nessessed man on board, and, turning to the excited crew and despairing passengers, he ex-claims, in a voice that sounds above the thunder of the tempest and the weath of the sea : "Be of good cheer."

The men who now go to sea with maps and charts and modern compass, warned by buoy and lighthouse, know nothing of the perils of ancient navigation. Horace said that the man who first ventured on the sea must have had a heart bound with oak and triple brass. People then ventured only from headland to headland and from Island to island, and not long after spread their said for a voyage across the sea Before starting. the weather was watched, and the ship having been hauled up on the shore, the mariners placed their shoulders against the stern of the ship and heaved it of, they at the last moment leaping into it. Vessels were then chiefly ships of burden - the transit of passengers being the exception; for the world was not then migratory as in place seems to get into another place. ship from which Jonah was thrown ove board, and that in which Paul was carrie

mer, went out chiefly with the idea aing a cargo. As now, so then, vessels were accustomed to carry a fing. In these times it was inscribed with the name of a heathen diety. A vessel bound for Syracus had on it the inscription "Castor and Pol lux." The ships were provided with anchors Anchors were of two kinds, those that were dropped into the sea, and those that were throw up onto the rocks to hold the vessel fast. This last kind was what I'a flaffuled to when he said: "Which he pe we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vall." That was what the sallors call a "hook anchor." The rocks and sand bars shoals and headlands, not being manged out, vessels carried a plumb line. The would drop it and flid the water fifty fathems, and drop it again and find thirty fothoms thus dismerging approach to the shore. In the spring, some mer and autumn the Mediterranean sea was white with the wines of ships but at the first wintry biast they hied themselves to the nearest harbor, although now the world's commerce prospers in January as well as in June, and in mid-winter, all over the will mid-winter, all over the wiand stormy deep, there float palaces light, traingling the billows under foot and showering the sparks of terriole furnaces on the whol wind; and the Christian pas senger, tippeted and shawled, sits under the shelter of the smokestack, looking off upon the phosphorescent deep, on which is written, in scrolls of foam and fire: "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and thy path in

the great waters!" the great waters!"

It is in those days of early navigation that I see a group of men, women and children on the beach of the Mediterranean. Paul is about to leave the congregation to whom he had preached and they are come to part. There are so many traps that wait for a man's feet. The solid ground may break through, and the sea-new many dark mysteries it hides in its bosom! A few counsels, a hasty good by, a last look and the ropes rattle, and the salis arhoisted, and the planks are hauted in, and Paul is gone. I expect to sail over some of same waters over which Paul saled before going I want to urge you all to

embark for heaven.

The church is the drydock where souls are to be fitted out for heaven. In making a vessel for this voyage, the first need is sound timber. The floor timber ought to be of solid stuff. For the want of it, vessels that looked able to run their jibbooms into that looked able to run their product in a the eye of any tempest, when caught in a storm have been crushed like a water. truths of God's Word are what I mean by floor timbers. Nothing but on a hewn it the forest of divine truth, are stanch enough for this craft.

You must have Love for a helm, to guide and turn the craft. Neither Pride nor Ambition nor Avarice will do for a rudger Love not only in the heart, but flushing the eye and tingling in the hand-Love married to Work, which many look upon as so homely a bride-1.ove, not like brooks, which foam and rattle, yet do nothing, but Love like a river that runs up the steps of mill wheels, and works in the barness of factory bands-Leve that will not pass by on the other side, but visits the man who fell among thieves near Jericho, not merely saying, "Poor fellow! you are dreaffully hurt," but, like the good Samaritan, pour in oil and wine, and pays his board at the tavern. There must also be a prow, ar-ranged to cut and override the billow. That is Christian perseverance. There are three mountain surges that sometimes dash against a soul in a minute—the world, the flesh and the devil; and that is a well built prow that can bound over them. For lack of this, many have been put back and never started again. It is the broadside wave that so often sweeps the deck and fills the natches: but that which strikes in front is harmless. Meet troubles courageously and you surmount them. Stand on the prow, and as you wipe off the spray of the split surge, cry out with the apostle "None of these things move me." Let all your fears stay aft. The right must conquer. Know that Moses, in an ark of buirushes, can run

down a war steamer. Have a good strong anchor. "Which hope have as an anchor." By this strong de and windlass hold on to your anchor. cable and windlass house an advocate with per." Do not use the anchor wrong fully. Do not always stay in the same jati tude and longitude. You will never ride bor of eternal rest if you all the

not fit for the sea until they have the flying not fit for the sea until they have the nyme jib, the foresail, the topgallant, the sayanil, the gaffsall and other canvas. Faith is our canvas. Hoist it, and the winds of heaven will drive you shoad. Saits made out of any other canvas than faith will be

slit to tatters by the first northeaster. Strong faith never lost a battle. It will crush foes, blast rocks, quench lightnings, thresh mountains. It is a shield to the warrior, a crank to the most por wheel, a lever to pry up pyramids, whose beat gives strength to the step of the heavenly soldiery, and sails to watt ships laden with priceless pearls from the harbor of earth to the harbor of heaven. But you are not yet equipped. You must have what seamen call the running rigging

This comprises the ship's braces, halliards, clew lines and such like. Without these the yards could not be braced, the sails ague and by translation, through the we have prayer for the running rigging, adness of the newspaper press, I address Unless you understand this tackling you are not a spiritual seaman. By pulling on these ropes, you hoist the sails of faith and turn them every whither. The prow of courage will not cut the wave, nor the sail of faith spread and flap its wing, un-One more arrangement, and you will be ready for the sea. You must have a com-pass—which is the Hible. Look at it every ay, and always sail by it, as its needl points toward the Star of Bethlehem Tarough fog. and darkness, and storm, i works fulthfully. Search the Scriptures. "Box the compass."

Let me give you two or three rules for the voyage. Allow your appetites and pas-sions an under deck passage. Do not allow them ever to come up on the promenade Mortify your members which are up-earth. Never allow your lower nature anything but a steerage passage. Let chfulness walk the decks as an armed ness anything like a mutiny of riotous ap

Be sure to keep your colors up! You mow the ships of England, Russia, France and Spain by the ensigns they carry. Sometimes it is a lion, sometimes an eagle, sometimes a star, sometimes a crown. Let it ever be known who you are, and for what port you are bound. Let "christian" e written on the very front, with a figure facross, a crown and a dove; and from the masthead let float the streamers of Immanuel. Then the pirate vessels of temptation will pass you unharmed as they say: "There goes a Christian, bound for he port of heaven. We will not disturb er, for she has too many guns aboard." Hun up your fing on this pulley: "I am not usimmed of the gospel of Christ, for it is unto salvation. When driven back of labering under great stress of weather-When driven back or now changing from starboard tack to larpoord, and then from larboard to starboard art shall be at like a war drum as th streamers float on the wind The sign of

crown will make you glad. Hefore you gain part you will smell the lot, will meet you as you come into the Narrows of Death, and fasten to you, and When thou passest through the wasay: "When thou passess imposs the ters I will be with thee; and through the ters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee," you ready for such a voyage! Mai our minds. The gang planks are lifting. The tell rings. All aboard for Heaven! This world is not your rest. The chaffinch is the silliest bird in all the earth for trying make its nest on the rocking billow. Oh ow I wish that as I embark for the Holy and in the east, all to whom I preach by name or type would embark for heaven! hat you all most need is God, and you need him now, Some of you I leave in truble. Things are going very rough with suble. Things are going very rough with on. You have had a hard struggle with and it is so dark that you can hardly see any blessing left. May that Jesus who deceased to life, with his gentle hand of sympathy wine away your tears! All is

when David was fleeing through the wilderness, pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer The pit and the dungeon were est schools at which Joseph graduated. harricane that upset the tent and iled Job's children prepared the man of to write the magnificent poem that has anded the ages. There is no way to They are proud, discontented, use nd unhappy. If you want to find riul folks, go among those who have a partified by the fire. After Rossini rendered "William Tell" the five tredth time, a company of musicians ame under his window in Paris and renaded him. They put upon his brow a iden crown of laurel leaves. But amidst ill the applause and enthusiasm. Rossini rned to a friend and said: "I would give this brilliant scene for a few days of youth and love." Contrast the melancholy cling of Rossini, who had everything that its world could give him, to the joyful ex-

perience of isane Watts, whose misfortune The bill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets Refere we reach the heavenly fields Or walk the golden streets Then let our songs abound,

It is prosperlty that kills and trouble that While the Israclites were on the arch, amidst great privations and hardbehaved well. After awhile they prayed for meat, and the sky darkened with a large flock of quails, and these qualls fell in great multitudes all about them; and the Israelites ate and ate, and stuffed themselves until they died. Oh' my friends, it is not hardship, or trial, or starvation that injures the soul, but bundant supply. It is not the vulture of trouble that cats up the Christian's life; it

is the qualis! it is the qualis!

I cannot leave you until once more I confess my faith in the Saviour whom I hav preached. He is my all in all, I owe more to the grave of God than most men. With this ardent temperament, if I had gone overboard I would have gone to the very epths. You know I can do nothing by halves.

O to grace how great a debte Daily I'm constrained to be

I think all will be well. Do not be wor ried about me. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and if any fatality should befall me, I think I should go straight. I have been most unworthy, and think that any one of my friends had been as unworthy a Christian as myseif. But God has helped a great many through, and hope he will help me through. It is a long account of shortcomings, but if he is going to rub any of it out, I think he will rub it all out. And now give us (for I go not alone) your benediction. When you send letters to describe the state of the stat send letters to a distant land, you say via such a city, or via such a steamer when you send your good wishes to us send them via the throne of God. We shall not travel out of the reach of your prayers. There is a scene where spirits dwell.

Where friend holds intercourse with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith we meet

And now, may the blessing of God co down upon your bodies and upon your souls, your fathers and mothers, your companions, your children, your brothers and sist your friends! May you be blessed in your usiness and in your pleasures, in your joye and in your sorrows, in the house and by the way! And if, during our separation ar arrow from the unseen world should strike any of us, may it only hasten on the raptures that God has prepared for those who love him: I utter not the word farewell; it is too sad, too formal a word farewell; it is too sad, too formal a word for me to speak or write. But, considering that I have your hand tightly clasped in both of mine, I utter a kind, an affectionate and a cheerful good-

Around one common m

CAPTURING FORTUNES

The 815,000 Whien A. Moyer O

The grawing of ticket No. 8,174, on which \$300,000 was captured in the Louisiana State Lottery, benefitted two Denver men to the extent of \$15,000 each. One was Mr. A. Moyer, who held one-twentieth of that ticket, and the other was a gentleman named Tracey, whose identity has not yet been made known. Mr. Moyer drew his money through the City National Bank, and Mr. Tracey obtained his through the First National.

Mr. Moyer resides and also has his place of business at 1,116 Laramer street. He was found yesterday by a reporter for The Republican, engaged in dandling his little girl on his knee. Although the money was drawn by him through the City National Bank on September 16, he had modestly refrained from making publication of the event.

"Yes," said he, "I drew the money on my ticket promptly. It was the third ticket I had purchased and I paid a dotlar each for them. The other lucky ticket was held, I think, by an employe of the Rio Grande shops. His name, I

believe, is Thomas Tracey." Mr. Thomas Tracey was hunted up by reporter who learned that he resided at 825 South Water street. There was a Mr. Tracey who resided there, but he disclaimed having been the possessor of such good fortune as to have purchased a lucky ticket. Yet it is quite certain that a Mr. Tracey, who is not yet found, owned the piece of paste-board, and collected the money .- Denver (Col.) Re-

publican, October 15, A Young Benedict's Luck. Certainly there is no more propitious time for fortune to knock at a young man's door, as the Irishman asserts it does once in the life of every man, than just after he has taken unto himself a partner to share his weal and woe in this life. A windfall of a few thousand of dollars at this period of a man's life is very often the keystone upon which he may erect a fortune and achieve suc-Among the rare instances of thiskind of recent occurrence may mention the case of Mr. P. E. Peareson, a rising young mer-chant, of Harland, Fort Bend County, who purchased one-twentieth of ticket No. 39,526, which won the second capital prize of \$100,000 in the drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery on Tuesday, September 10, 1889, and a-

son has only recently been married, and his good fortune is therefore doubly welcome. He will utilize the amount re-eived so

a consequence is today \$5,000 batter off

in this world's goods. Mr. Peareson is

the son of Colonel P. E. Peareson, of

Richmond, one of the most prominent

attorneys of this section, and is a man

highly esteemed by all his acquain-

tances. As previously hinted Mr. Peace-

unexpectedly in building up his busi The ticket was cashed through Messra,

Dyer & Moore, bankers of Richmond. Galveston (Tex.) News, Oct. 2.

CANNIBAL INDIANS. The Horrible Practices of Certain British

The British Columbia Indians have been suspected of eating human flesh Victoria letter to the N. Y Herald, but they have hitherto concealed their practices so carefully that no reliable white man is able to give perfect testimony of the fact. H. R. Pocock has been spending a g of his time among them, and aithough he is not able to give personal testi-mony of their cannibalistic rites, yet be has collected a great deal of exidefrom natives of the prevalence of the

practice. The Kwagutls, at ribe dwelling in the central part of that province, have a belief that if a man spirit on the mountains he has a right ereafter during the winter dances lasting two months of the year, to bite whoever displeases him. called Ha-mad-tsi, and the cannibals who earn their horrible distinction by seeing him are known as Ha-mad-tsis They belong to what may be called an exclusive and aristocratic caste. Only members of certain families may be come Ha-mad-tsis, and these when they come to years of discretion go up into the mountains where they may meet the spirit. Having encountered this unlovely sprite they come back to the villages snapping and biting at everything and making themselves generally very undesirable neighbors. Their sole surpose is to show the tribe they are different from ordinary men and do not care what they cat or what they suffer In old times a captive or a slave was killed and presented to the initiated, who are the corpse in the presence of a general assemblage of the people. More recently, although slavery is wholly extinct, the Indians have become afraid to kill, so they are reduced to the stealing of corpses. Usually these have been drying for a long time. being "buried" among the branches of a tree, and are quite flavorless, the brains alone being considered a luxury.

Up to the time of eating a corpse in public the acolyte, whenever pears from the woods, bites indiscriminately, women being, however, genexempt, whether from native gallantry or not does not appear. Formerly the faces were bitten, and ears especially, but now the canni bal mere lifts the flesh of a man's with his teeth, which is sliced off with a knife by a bystander while the half insane savage retains his grip of it and tinally swallows it. The father of the biter pays everybody who has suffered from his progeny's enthusiasm from two to ten blankets. There are from two to ten few men in the Kwaguti tribes who do not bear the sears of this extraordinary mania. The Ha-mad-tsi, during th progress of the winter dances, is stark naked, a heavy plaited rope of cedar bark adorned with tassels being car-ried, however, on the shoulders. There ried, however, on the shoulders. are from three to twenty Ha-mad-tsis and each of them will perhaps cat o four or five corpses in a lifetime. Mr. Pocock, however had one old gentleman pointed out to him who had par-taken of twenty. At the same time the corpse is very frequently a sham one made up for the purpose. Deer or goat flesh is very often tled to the human bones and devoured in the dusk so that

the onlookers are all deceived. Smokeless Powder.

In consequence of the success of the mokeless powder, the Italian govern-ment has suspended the manufacture of all kinds of gunpowder.